

We published, at the time, a short account of the celebration of the Jamestown Society of Washington city, and regretted we had not taken notes of the many good and patriotic sentiments delivered by the loyal sons of our old Mother State. A member of the Society has furnished us with a pretty fair sketch of the Address of the venerated orator of the day, G. W. P. Custis, Esq., and a short sketch of the speech of the President of the Society, P. R. Fendall, Esq., to both of which we call the attention of our readers.

We purpose paying our respects to the late Convention and its platform in our next issue.

THE CRIMEAN WAR AND AMERICAN SYMPATHIES.

With a disingenuous remarkable even in them, with a hypocrisy too bold for concealment, the British journals are complaining of the absence of American sympathy in the cause of the Allies.

Let us make a brief investigation of English claims upon our sympathies, and ascertain, if we can, upon what they are founded.

The American nation is not an offshoot of the British stock, as is claimed; it is not composed exclusively, or even in a very large proportion, of the descendants of the persecuted pilgrims to Plymouth Rock, and of the cavaliers of Virginia. This continent has been for three hundred years the asylum of the oppressed of all nations, of refugees from those continental despotisms which have ever claimed and received the passive sympathy or active aid of the English oligarchy when crushing out the liberties of Europe. Can the descendants of such men hold England in grateful remembrance? Can the Irish Americans forget the bloody suppression of the rebellions—the ferocious persecutions which ensued, or the unavenged murders of a Lord Edward Fitzgerald, a Robert Emmet, and an hundred others? Is not hatred of Britain an inheritance of the Franco-American of Louisiana? Can he, or his children's children, forget, as long as the rock of St. Helena stands, who it was that chained the French hero there, and that the Promethean vulture who preyed upon him was an Englishman, damned to everlasting infamy, as Sir Hudson Lowe? Can the Danes, so numerous and efficient in our military and commercial marine, forget the piratical bombardment of Copenhagen? What claim can England urge upon the sympathies of our wide-spread German population? What claim can England urge upon the sympathies of our wide-spread German population? What claim can England urge upon the sympathies of our wide-spread German population?

Of the twenty million descendants of the many peoples who compose this great nation, there is, we sincerely believe, not one who can admire the policy, or remember with gratitude, a single act of the Government of England. On the contrary, there are many who have grievances to allege, wrongs to avenge, and who might imitate the young Hannibal, when he swore upon the altars of Carthage eternal enmity to Rome.

The Times would have us believe, this a war of liberty and progress against despotism. Why was not the same war urged in behalf of the dismembered Poland? A nation endeavored to every American heart by Kosciuszko, Pulaski, and De Kalb has been blotted out from the map of Europe. Where was British sympathy then? Just where it was when gallant Hungary fell. Liberty and progress against Russian despotism, forthwith! Is the blood of the slaughtered French and Italian republicans yet dry upon the hands of England's great ally, the despotic Emperor of France? Have not the Allies offered to guarantee to Austria the continued slavery of Lombardy, of Hungary, and of Austrian Poland, as the price of her co-operation in this war of "liberty and progress against Russian despotism." When England proves to us that her "crusade against slavery is not an attack upon our monopoly of cotton, and that her missionary efforts have nothing to do with the worship of "mammon," we may entertain the idea of her intermeddling in the present war; but not till then.

Platform of Principles.

The Convention of the Know-nothing party of New York adopted the following platform of principles:

First. America to rule America.
Second. The maintenance of the Union, and the compromise of the Constitution faithfully fulfilled.
Third. The absolute exclusion from the creed of the American party of all sections doctrines that are against the sense of any portion of the American Union, and the disuse of the name, influence, or organization of the American party, to advance any measure against the constitutional rights of the State, or the promotion of effect of which shall be to endanger the perpetuity of the Union.

Fourth. No sectional interference in our Legislature, and no proscription of persons on account of religious opinions.
Fifth. Hostility to the assumption of the Papal power, through the bishops, prelates, priests, or ministers of the Roman Catholic Church, as anti-republican in principle and dangerous to the liberties of the people.

Sixth. Thorough organization in the naturalization laws of the Federal Government.
Seventh. The enactment of the laws for the protection of the purity of the ballot-box by the State.

Eighth. Free and reliable institutions for the education of all classes of the people with the Bible as a text-book in our common schools.

RESOLUTIONS ON PRINCIPLES.

Resolved, That the National Administration, by its general course of official conduct, together with an attempt to destroy the repose, harmony, and fraternal relation of the country in the repeal of the Missouri compromise, and the encouragement of aggression upon the government of the territorial inhabitants of Kansas, deserves and should receive the united condemnation of the American people, and the institution of slavery should derive no extension from such repeal.

Resolved, That in the organization of the American order the institution of involuntary servitude was and now is regarded as local and not national in its character, a subject for the toleration of a difference of opinion by the citizens of the Northern and Southern States, and as such has no rightful place in the platform of the National American party.

Resolved, That the National Convention, and G. A. Scroggs, of Indiana, were then chosen delegates at large to the National Convention.

Our columns are so occupied to-day that we have little, if any, room for comment on this last essay at platform-making by those restless constructors, the Know-nothings. Their platform is getting to be very numerous, and many of them are very chimerical. How the Southern members and organs of the Order will relish the anti-Kansas resolution in the above series, remains to be seen.

ABUSES OF MILITARY AND CIVIL TITLES.

Few things are more absurd than the almost universal practice of prefixing high-sounding titles indiscriminately to the names of individuals. This is done, too, in most cases, without the slightest likeness of the qualities or profession of the individual to the title he assumes, or that may be kindly assumed for him by his friends.

This is all wrong, as we think we can show, though, in making our comments, we do so in no unamiable spirit, and without the least desire to give them any particular personal direction. Indeed, this would be unnecessary, for there is scarcely a village or neighborhood that does not furnish one or more striking instances of the absurdity, and hence the application will be made wherever these remarks may be read.

Title is an appellation or badge of honor. It is conferred as a mark of distinction for service rendered. Military titles are eminently of this character, and are held in the most rigid and jealous regard. They are as much the property of the officer as the coat he wears, or the sword that glitters by his side. The last, indeed, has won it for him. He is proud of it, for it is the insignia of his well-earned prowess. A true soldier values his title even higher than his pay. Now, we hold it to be unjust to flitch from this class the titles they have acquired by careers of gallantry and usefulness. Nor is it less a wrong to them, to impair the force and dignity which they proudly feel in their titles, by permitting all classes of men, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the man of honor and the man of dishonor, to wear them too. The military title now-a-days seems simply to signify success. It matters not in what department of life or in what vocation or trade this success may be achieved—the military title follows as naturally, and often more surely, than the brevet, the successful gallantry of a veritable officer. In the military organization, a lieutenant's commission forms the threshold or stepping stone of military advancement. He must work up, either through the paths of science or by the more exciting participation in the battle-fields, to the next grade. True, he may sometimes reach his promotion by the vacancies occasioned by the death or resignation of those above him; but these are rare, and constitute only the exception to the rule. Not so in what is termed civil life—a major, here, is the lowest grade. And, indeed, it is but a brief tramping place, and more to rest the weary hero, after his arduous military efforts—for presto! and our major stands forth before us, in the full stature of a gallant colonel! Is he a Fero-Ban dealer, who has lined his pockets, filled his coffers, and adorned his gaudy palaces with the per diem of members, the pay of officers, the salaries of clerks, or the means dedicated to the education of the youths of our country? Then, he is a COLONEL! and ranks, perhaps in pay and title, every officer who has helped to enrich him.

Is he a Thimble Rigger, who, abandoning the slower, but more respectable trade to which honest parents had reared him, has "made his pile" out of the innocent and foolish crowd who are willing to wager their "five, ten, or twenty," that they can tell which thimble the little rascal is under? If so, he is a COLONEL, and, in fancy, grows under the weight of his clanking sword and massive epaulettes. Both of these out rank, in title, many of our army officers, with the daring deeds and splendid gallantry of two wars to brighten their fair fame!

Is he a racer, whose skillful strategy has often borne from the superior horse the weighty purse of a hundred fathoms? He, too, is a COLONEL, and no less a colonel because he may never have smelled gunpowder! An officer, who is lower in the hero of a score of battles, is lower in title than one of these.

It is poor encouragement to our gallant officers of either service, to find themselves robbed of the prestige of their noble titles, given them as marks of distinction for their heroic services in the battle fields of their country's rights and country's honor. It is, as we have said, a part of their reward, and should no more be prostituted to such base uses, than their pay should be flung or their emoluments infringed.

But we find the same evil in civil titles, and the encroachment is scarcely less unjust and improper.

A Quack is dubbed a Doctor. A Pedagogue, a Master or Bachelor of Arts. A stupid Conveyancer at a county court, is a Barrister or Attorney, while (and the most farcical of all) a Numskull Magistrate, is dignified by the appellation of Judge or Justice! God help the patients of the Quacks, the scholars of the Pedagogue, the clients of such a Lawyer, and the unhappy parties whose property hangs upon the judgment of the present-day Magistrate!

But there is one other, and we think, the most objectionable application of a civil title. It is the indiscriminate and often laughable application of the term Statesman. Why, there are mere statesmen in this country to-day, according to the newspapers and letter-writers, than ever have lived and died in all the world, from the meridian splendor of Athenian greatness to the present time. We would by no means dampen the ardor of our young statesmen, who have done such good service in our late political contests—they are worthy of all praise; but we really, for their own good, protest against their being called statesmen just yet. A statesman is a rare thing in any country; and that country is fortunate, indeed, who can boast, in half a century, a score of first-class statesmen. The standard of statesmanship may be found in the History of France—in a Sully, a Richelieu, a Mazarin, in England—a Chatham, a Pitt, a Canning; while Austria scarcely points to another, than Metternich, and Russia, than Nesselrode. Our own country has been, perhaps, more prolific in statesmen. She has had in her half century—a Madison, a Calhoun, a Webster, a Clay, and many others nearly their equals. But still, even in this country, they are not as thick as the sands by the sea shore. Statesmanship is, perhaps, the most elevated of all sciences. The qualities of statesmanship are of an ordinary character; they may not always be gathered by study and labor alone, nor are they ever acquired by intuition or absorption. Statesmanship is in some degree a gift—as much a gift as music or painting, and, like them, may be improved—but, like them, is not open to the attainment of all and every one. To be a Politician, is not to be a Statesman. By no means. But to be thoroughly and fully versed in the arts of government, is to be a statesman! How few there are who reach this goal!

It is not, then, farcical to call every stumpy speaker in the country a statesman. Just think of the number of statesmen, some fleshing their maiden swords for the first time, and others their old foggy weapons, never very bright, who have sprung up during the late elections! Why, they were thicker than leaves in Valambrosa!

Well, the evil of this habit, that the standard of excellence in this, the highest branch of science—the science of government—is lowered by an indiscriminate and injudicious application of this term. If a man who really has the true elements of statesmanship is to be brought back to the standard formed by the many absurd pretenders to this science, how few, who might otherwise attain it, would deem it worth the struggle! Hence we say, all these extravagant applications

are not innocuous, they discourage those who have, by their own genius and energy, climbed the steep, where "Fame's proud Temple shines afar"; and fail to encourage those who may be satisfied with the too often ephemeral and apocryphal reputations which are awarded to their higher efforts. Genius should be protected from such imposture, otherwise we cannot hope to preserve it. "Nulla palam, sine pulvere."

There are other titles in too frequent use, and too indiscriminately applied—but they are less harmless in their character. The prefixing of "Honorable" to every man's name who may have gotten by chance or cheating into Congress, is wrong—it is demoralizing. How many examples in the history of our Government have there been, of a total want of principle, truth, or common honesty, where the individual was obsequiously termed the Honorable Mr. A? The prefixing of "Excellency" to President's name, is a useless though a harmless ceremony; but even this is anti-republican, and we should be glad to see it done away with also.

We have been betrayed into a much longer article on this subject than we intended, but if we shall succeed in placing prominently the evils upon which we have written, before our readers, we shall see no cause to regret its length.

THE YELLOW FEVER IN NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH.

A letter to the Baltimore Sun says that "the hopes that were cherished a few days since by every one in Norfolk that the fever was about to abate, have proved false and delusive. New cases are occurring every moment in the day, and circles and neighborhoods heretofore exempt from the destructive ravages of the disease are now being invaded with fearful violence."

The details of the sufferings and deaths by fever appal the stoutest hearts.

It is said that application will probably be made to the President or Secretary of War for the use of Old Point Comfort and the United States fortifications there, that the afflicted people may resort thither, in case they shall leave their homes in Norfolk and Portsmouth.

It is gratifying to learn that there are now at those places plenty of physicians and nurses from the South, who are rendering efficient, noble service.

The President and his lady returned on Saturday last from their visit to Virginia. We are pleased to learn that they are both much improved in health.

THE LATE RAILROAD DISASTER.

The coroner's inquest, at the latest dates, was still engaged in examining into the circumstances attending the late occurrence on the Camden and Amboy railroad.

Mr. Harriet Smith, wife of Commodore Smith, died of her injuries, on Saturday, in Philadelphia. A dispatch dated Burlington, September 3, states:

Mr. Gillespie, of Natchez, Mississippi, is better this morning, and has been made aware of the loss of her husband. She has passed a restless night.

Mr. Lukins, of Philadelphia, at first considered hopeless, is mending rapidly.

Samuel Lahm, of Ohio, left here for his home this morning.

All the rest of the wounded are comfortable. One body is still unidentified; but it is evident that it is not Humphrey's, as heretofore stated.

The name of P. Loveland was written in pencil, to the end of his neck, by a far distant eye. There are no other marks, by which to recognise the body. No baggage checks were found upon him.

A little girl having seen in the papers the death of a gentleman bearing the precise name of her uncle, with child-like apprehension wrote to him, to inquire the state of the case, and, in reply, received the following metrical letter, which, for its good spirit and pleasant wit, we give to our readers:

How could you, my Nan, my divine little flower, suppose that your Uncle had died in Missouri—that he left Old Virginia, the land of his birth, to end his days in a far distant clime? It was said, when a man had expired of yore, that the place which one knew him should know him no more; but still you suspect me of being so green, as to die in a place that I never have seen. It is strange, I confess, that a man of my name should have died so obscure, and uncared for by fame; but still his survivors may cherish the pride, that their friend left behind him a name which, to the end of time, shall be remembered.

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CELEBRATION OF THE JAMESTOWN SOCIETY OF WASHINGTON CITY.

Address of George W. P. Custis, Esq., of Arlington, delivered before the Jamestown Society on the 22d of February, 1855, in the parlors of Mount Vernon.

About one o'clock, the veteran orator mounted a rostrum in front of the mansion. He is in his seventy-fifth year, and appeared in his usual style of public occasions, with ruffles at the wrists, his hat in his hand, and with bow to the audience, thus favored of the fashion of the last century. He said:

Gentlemen of the Jamestown Society, Friends and Countrymen:

In choosing a spot for the anniversary celebration of the Landing of the Cavalier, and First Settlement of Virginia at Jamestown, where you have made so happy a location, or one so favored as venerable "uncle-honored" Mount Vernon; for where so fitting to celebrate the most ancient and renowned event in Virginia's annals, as upon Virginia's soil, and near to the spot which contains the ashes of Virginia's Immortal Son.

Gentlemen: You could readily have found a younger and better orator to have addressed you on this interesting occasion, for know ye not that the old orator "Time will have his dues, and warns the old man before he, that after fifty years of service on the rostrum, it is time to retire; but, gentlemen, were this my last, my expiring address to my countrymen, I would forget my age, and calling up the energies of my better days, would dare the effort, when the first settlement of my country was the theme, and Mount Vernon the rostrum. [Cheers.] Strange, however, the orator, that I should speak to others on the subject that has so long and so often been my theme. Mount Vernon was the cradle of my infancy. Around its hallowed hearth in my childhood I played; a thousand fond and endearing memories crowd upon my mind, and even now, after the lapse of more than seventy years, methinks I behold the venerated form of Washington seated in this very parlor, and extending his paternal arms to the child of his adoption, while his knee the "envied caress to share."

Pardon, gentlemen, an old man's tear; it flows from the heart, and is sacred to the memories of the loved and loved, and to happy, happy days at Mount Vernon.

The orator continued: The elements are favorable to our meeting; all nature is a glad in the gay and joyous living of spring. A brilliant sun, shining through the clouds, sheds its rays upon this pleasing, happy scene. The audience are propitious to our celebration, and a Roman would say, "The eagle flies on the dexter hand. Looking through the long vista of the centuries, we behold the great and noble general of the year, the 13th of May, 1607. The noble forests that clothe its banks dip their branches in the stream, the birds of various plumage sing amid the trees, the wild deer flits through the undergrowth, and the deer, rejoicing in the glories of spring. Scattered along the banks of the noble river are the wigwags, the rude habitations of the aborigines of Virginia.

After the orator, continued the orator, uttered by the wild, untutored child of nature, in the depths of a wilderness, has, under Providence, been fulfilled to the letter. The Spirit-protected hero of the Monongahela achieved his victory, and ran his glorious race without a cloud upon his brow. He died, and after a long and meritorious life spent in the service of his country and mankind, here, in this venerable mansion, stricken in years and laden with honors, he sank to rest, leaving to the good, the wise, and the brave, a memory that will endure for ages to come; and to the world a name, the purest and proudest ever borne by created man—the Father of his Country! [Prolonged cheering.]

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The Indian was driven back; and where once stood the rude wigwam of the savage, now arose the stately mansion of the country gentleman, the descendant of the cavalier—a race possessing a high sense of honor, manners the most refined and cordial and generous hospitality; and I pray God that the race of the cavalier may be perpetuated to remote generations, to prosper and adorn the destinies of Virginia. [Cheers.]

The colony comprised of importance to the mother country, royal governors were sent out, a House of Burgesses established, courts of law, and other appearances of Provincial Government, and above all, the ministers of the Church of England embarked upon the shores of the New World to introduce among the idolatrous aborigines the worship of the true God; and soon from amid the depths of the forests were heard the hymns of praise to the Father of the Universe, where before had resounded the orgies of the savage in his worship of a Manitou, or Great Spirit.

The French war, so called, extended to the colonies, and Virginia was called upon to aid in the expedition of Braddock to Fort Duquesne. In the battle of the Monongahela, the British regulars, utterly routed, fled in dismay; the Virginia woodsmen fought the enemy inch by inch; and by their consummate skill in arms, and unflinching courage, saved many from the wreck of the European army. Hear what Washington said of Virginia's military, just one hundred years ago: "They behaved like men, and died like soldiers."

Of three full companies of Virginia's Hunting Shirts, that fought in the battle of the Monongahela, not thirty men survived the action! It was on this, the first great field of his fame, that Washington, in the face of a heavy rain, and upon his knees, uttered the prayer, "O God, bless the arms of our countrymen, and preserve them from all harm." The British officers being nearly all killed or wounded, it was left to the young Virginian to rally up the desperate fortunes of the fight. In vain the marksmanship of the Virginians essayed to reach the enemy's ranks. The Virginians were seen amid the smoke of the many folds of the young hero, as he towered above the horrors of the scene, while his battle cry, a shout of glory, and a shout of defiance, rang through the primeval forest. "Stand fast my boys, and draw your eyes for the honor of Old Virginia!" [Cheers.]

At length the savage commander, deeming it sacrilege to continue to attempt the life of one so evidently protected by long years of service, and to his own glory, cried out to his warriors, "Fire at him no more, for he is not the Great Spirit protected that daring warrior!" The same savage prophet uttered at the declaration of Washington, "He cannot die in battle; he will become the arms and rallying point of his people yet unborn will hail him as the founder of a mighty empire."

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